

For You
My
Friend

Helen F. Kirkpatrick

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For You My Friend

DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

Mrs. Herbert Sellers

A Gentle Soul

Helen F. Kirkpatrick
(GEMMILL)

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Sleep on!
Now thy earthly task is o'er—
Rest thy soul beyond this world of care;
Whilst here you did your share,
And more. So now, at last—
Sleep on!
And from Celestial Heights your spirit will descend
To meet with us who mourn the loss of you—our friend.

To our Friend, Mrs. Sellers, in Heaven

Dear friend, from out the shadows,
We can hear your sweet voice calling,
Sense the rustle of your nearness,
Hear your footsteps gently falling.
In the shadows we can see you
As with kindly grace you wander
Midst the scenes you loved so well.
Whilst our hearts are filled with wonder
Our heads are bowed in sorrow
At the awful, sudden parting,
And we know that you were loathe, dear,
To leave us all so soon.
In faith we try to trace
God's purpose here ascending,
But only those can know it—
Who have passed beyond the tomb.

Dear friend, from out the darkness
May we ever hear you calling;
In the shadows may we ever see
The beauty and the grace
That with all the passing years
You gave to truth and goodness,
And pray that God will use us
To in some way take your place.
Neath the shadows we can trace you,
Standing there with out-stretched hand
Why God should you take from us—
It's so hard to understand.
May the passing of your life,
In all its grace and beauty
Leave to us your understanding
Of Charity, Love and Duty.

To a Sick Friend

(Mrs. Stevens, 1st Presbyterian Church)

We missed you at the meetings, dear,
We knew you could not come;
We were sorry you were ill
So had to miss the fun.
We put our heads together dear,
And did the best we could
And everything was going great—
Just the way it should.
We missed you at the Opening, dear,
We knew you could not come;
Our thoughts were with our absent friends
And of these, you were one.
We each our little portion gave
To make success secure,
And all were pleased and happy—
Just what you wished, I'm sure.
We missed you at the sale as well,
But though you could not come,
You sent your gift to grace our stall
And charmed was everyone.
We only wish you could have seen
The grace of God around;
Your gentle heart, amidst such scenes
Contentment would have found.
We missed you at the closing hour
When tired and weary, all
Were longing for the quietness
To hear the Master's call,
And in his gracious answer, dear,
To the prayer of every heart
He gave to each His blessing,
For all had done their part.

Little Things

Little acts of kindness,
Little words of prayer,
Little rays of sunshine,
Shed them everywhere.

Just to smooth the pillow
Of a friend in pain;
Just to trace the rainbow
Shining through the rain:

Just to whisper softly
"Do not worry, dear",
Or, with gentle fingers,
Wipe away a tear.

Little smiles of welcome,
Little gifts of cheer,
All those little gestures
Bring God and heaven near.

My Son

A grey mist hangs o'er the tree tops,
The earth has a mantle of snow;
There's the noiseless hush of the morning,
And the flicker of lights from below.
The scene, as it spreads out before me,
Seems all so dreary and sad,
But I dream of the spring just awakening,
And my heart in its purpose is glad.

God sent you to me, my darling,
That the light of love in your eyes
Might shroud the mist and the sadness,
Leaving only the blue summer skies.
The sense of your nearness, my loved one,
Unroots the thoughts that are sad,
Transplanting new hope with the dawning,
Of all that is joyous and glad.

In Remembrance

To them our hearts go out—today as then,
Although well nigh a score of years have gone
Since youth forsook our hearts in faith to fight
For love of justice, country, King and home.
Some were so young—their lives had scarce begun
E're from our side by ruthless warfare torn
To play their part for freedom—us to save
From tyranny of enemy hate and scorn.

Their little ways in loving memory, still
Linger in the homes they loved so well,
And if in heaven they see and understand
This message will this day our angels tell.
A mother's love, a lover's broken heart,
Have kept their faith through all these years, sublime,
And friends who mourned their fate have kept
Their memory bright through space and time.

To them our thoughts go out—today as then;
Now poppies bloom and naught their fragrance mar.
In peace our heroes sleep—and ours the dream
To meet them when our ship has crossed the bar.
In all the years to come our faith will be
To reap what there is planted in the sod;
To love and cherish those here with us still—
The future leave—in faith and hope—with God.

A Bite to Spare

To my door a beggar came, weary, hungry,
cold and sad;

My heart was sore to see his shivering form
so poorly clad.

His pleading glance of pride and shame
I understood;

His drooping shoulders told of age as
naught else could.

Before he spoke, his eyes had told his story
of awful strain,

For work and wages he had fought and lost—
was he to blame?

Ah no, thousands more are breaking 'neath the load
of sordid care,

And hearts are torn asunder, leaving naught
but cold despair.

I was O so thankful that God had given me
something to share,

And as that stranger thanked me, I was glad
beyond compare.

For those who feed the hungry or lead the blind
with gentle care,

Will always be provided for, and have
a bite to spare.

The Passing of Our Friend

Mrs. Lockerbie

As years rolled on she grew in grace,
One of Scotia's noble daughters:
Like angles—oft she feared to tread
Life's onward rush, but chose, instead,
The quiet paths with thoughtful mein,
In neat attire she played her part, calm, serene,
Her duty ever to her God, her bairns;
Her life in life—in death her cairn.

This daughter proud of Scottish race,
Whose kindly charm and inward grace
No glittering light could e'er bedim.
The glow of faith that there within
Her soul's embrace—subdued, sublime,
Was furrowed deep within her breast.
Fearless, her soul went forth into the night,
Tranquil, prepared, she met the eternal dawn.

A Wish

Let me go forth at the dawn of the day,
Seeking God's Guidance—His purpose to see;
Faithfully willing to work or to play—
Giving my best to whatever it be.

Give me friends I can hail by the way,
Just a few flowers that my heart may be glad;
Only the simple things, Lord, that I may
Gain understanding of those that are sad.

Strengthen my heart for the path is steep,
Toilsome the road—its windings unknown;
Each day to find new beauty and splendor,
Leading me onward to treasures unknown.

Thus as the evening closes around me
Shadows may deepen in memory's flight;
Spirits of loved ones will hover around me
Mingling together our souls will unite.

Naught shall disturb my slumber or dreaming;
No earthly scheming shall alter my way;
Birds softly singing their music untiring—
My soul shall awake at the dawn of the day.

Sabbath

O perfect day of peace, the best of all the seven:
When anxious souls go forth in search of heaven,
And wistful thoughts, by sacred memories born,
Illumine space and sanctify the morn,
In hallowed halls where angels whisper low,
We meet with God and heavenly rapture know.

O perfect day of rest, of all the seven the best,
When wordly toils may cease that we may rest.
In nature's fields, in flower, in fruit and tree,
We see God's face, and humbly bend our knee.
The birds around us singing, Creation, ever sweet,
The toil of love enchant us, and surely God we meet.

O perfect day of love, of rest, and peace,
May all the world revere thee and sin and sorrow cease.
O Sabbath day, how rich and sweet thou art,
Diffusing grace to every humble heart.
God, who rules o'er life, o'er space and time,
Save to us the Sabbath—keep it wholly thine.

I Love to Sing a Song

I'm burning up to sing today
A song of love—a theme so grand
That all the world could join with me,
And sing this song at my command.

I'm burning up to sing today
Love's old sweet song that hearts may rise
Above the squalor and the mire
To find an artist's paradise.

I'm burning up to sing today
A song of hope by truth inspired,
So that the world could hope with me,
And hope, give all what they desired.

To My Vacuum Cleaner

You awful dirty, squeaking thing, why make all this noise;

Why can't you quietly do your work with dignity and poise?

I'm sure this morning early I cleaned you out and in
And polished all your trimmings and yet you pause
and grin.

I know you're old and feeble
And your hair has all come out;
I know you've done your duty
For ten years or thereabout.

I know you're awfully tired and worn just to a thread—
I often feel like giving in or wishing you were dead.

There, now, you're finished and sure, we both are glad
To reason with each other and find it not so bad.
Your work done for the present you can sit back there
in state—

All glittering and splendid, though quiet and sedate.

I know you're old and feeble
And your hair has all come out;
But I cannot do without you
As long as you last out.

I know you're awfully tired but please don't me disgrace—
Just stay with me old thing till another takes your place.

To My Friend, Mrs. Wood

(Sick Visitor for St. Luke's Church)

Keep on, dear friend, in harness;
Nor hear the scorner's voice.
Of all the acts of goodness,
Yours is a noble choice,
Discouraged oft and weaknened
By worthless councils—true:
But we know our prayers are answered,
Just in the work you do.
And when the strain is hardest
And you feel it's not worth while—
The memory of the tired and sick
Who waited for your smile
And longed to hear your cheerful voice
Or clasp you by the hand,
Will keep your heart in harness, dear,
And God will understand.

O Life

Depart O Life, with ever-changing scene,
Your day is past—no longer can you wrestle with my
dream;
No more excitement, pleasure, riches, fame
Can make or mar my path or shame my name.
Move on let others tread the road I loved so well,
Yet failed to trace the purpose held for age or youth:
But now that I am free from earthly loss or gain,
Embracing death, I'll surely find the truth.

The Old Windmill

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;
Tonight my pen shall paint, her scenes of beauty tell,
The softness of the early morn, the dew upon the grass,
The beauty of the rising sun—could anything surpass?
The buttercups and daisies, the herds upon the hill,
The lazy dreamy cattle, and the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well;
My exiled heart is yearning for the bracken and the fell,
To wander in the woodlands with the wild flowers all
around,
To see the bluebells smiling and the pansies kiss the
ground,

The hawthorn and the roses, the music of the rill,
Singing songs of Scotland to that old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land of hills and fens;
The moorlands blooming heather or the echo of the glens,
My longing eyes grow dim, as I climb the hill to find
The Shepherd brings his lambs home, his heart so warm
and kind—

He lays them gently by the fire, their quivering forms
to still,

In that dear old home, beside the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well,
The scenes of early autumn nor brush nor pen can tell,
The leaves all dressed in glowing tints, the rowans
hanging low,

The new-mown hay and stacks of corn sweet fragrance
round you blow;

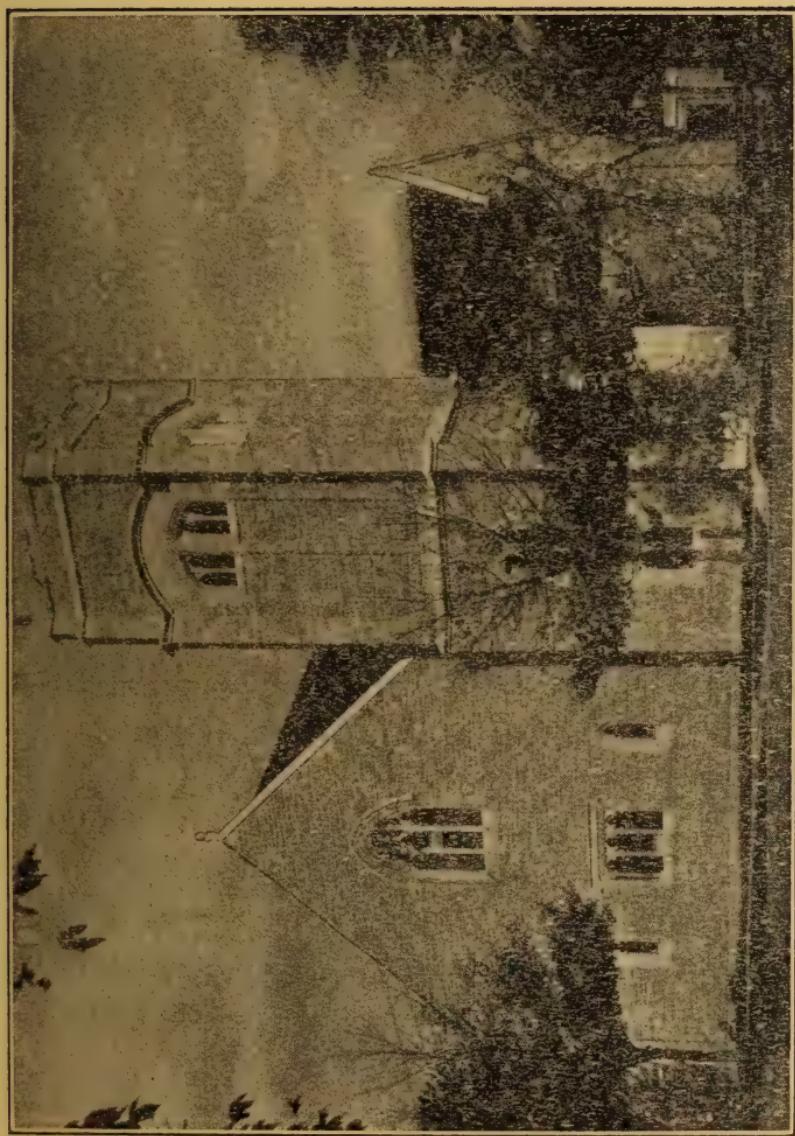
Twilight gently stealing o'er the scene until
Your eyes can scarcely trace the old windmill.

O, let me dream of Scotland, the land I love so well,
A little longer linger, a few more moments dwell
In childhood's days and after, when love and sorrow
came,

Romance, my childhood ending, I loved you just the
same.

And now, tonight, though far away, in loving memory
still

I see the flowers, the cattle, and that old windmill.



OUT OF THE DAWN CAME THE CHURCH
OUT OF THE CHURCH CAME CIVILIZATION

To the Oxford Group

Advance, fear not, ye whom God hath chosen
In this our hour of need
To lead a world already bruised and broken,
You must succeed.
In this age of unbelief, doubt and earthly planning,
We need your vision
To keep the world's heart from breaking 'neath the
strain—
Great is your mission.

In other ages men were born at God's command
To do His will;
Now you are chosen—"The Oxford Group"—do not falter,
"Peace be still".
Let not your souls be troubled by outward signs,
But calm within.
Lead on, your Master guiding, will open to your view
His plan for you.

The soul of the world is yearning, today as never before,
Relief demanding
From poverty and sordid want, God has given you the
grace
And understanding
To lead people's thoughts aright, that they may see beyond
This earthly scope,
And by your works their faith revived and strengthened,
May find renewed hope.

The world is full, yea, youth and age in search of truth,
Their faith unshaken,
God reveals Himself to them in all that's good and pure,
Be not mistaken,
Hearts are yearning for a closer walk, a nearer bond
with God

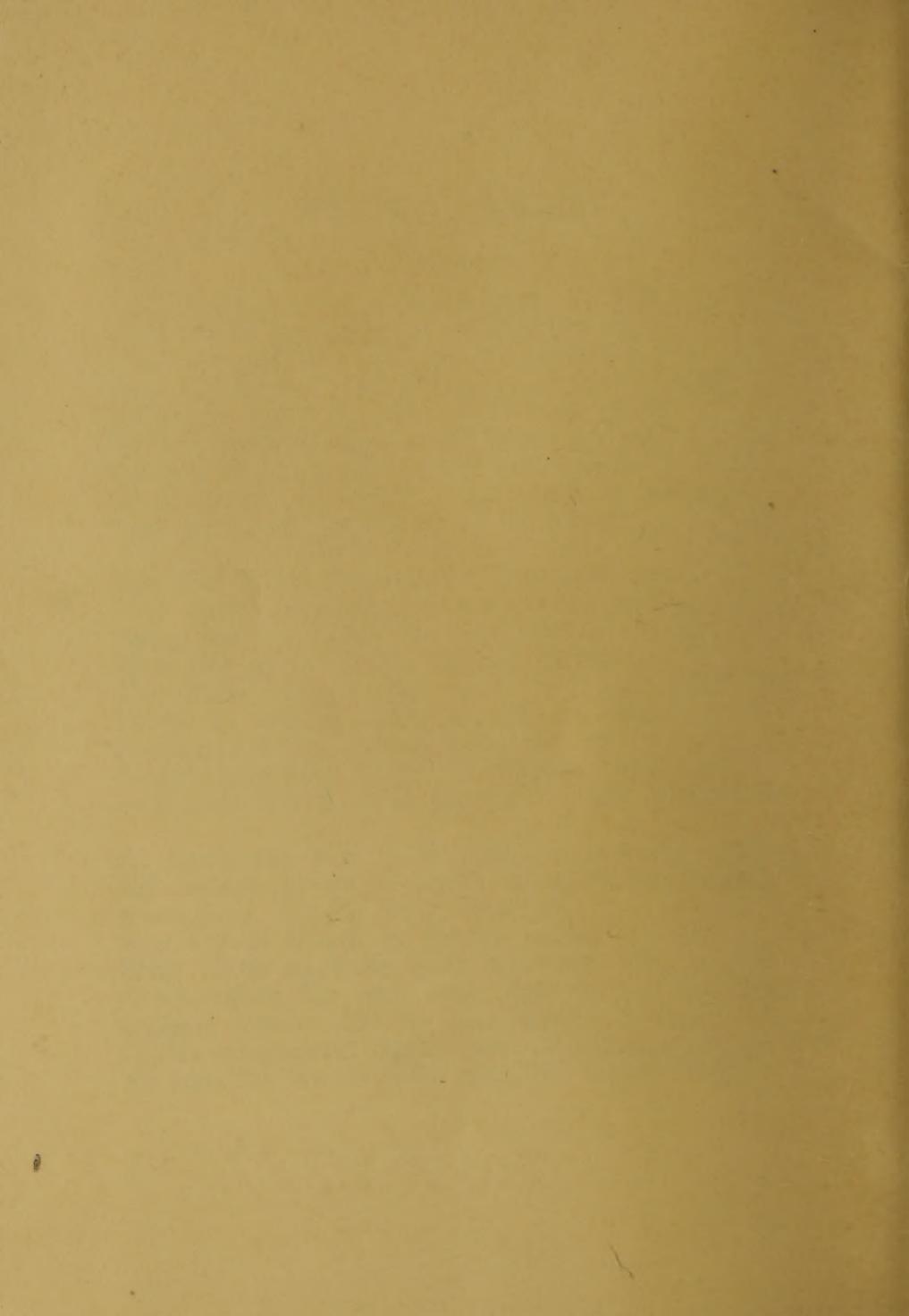
With God That sin may cease.
God's way is oft mysterious, yet, those who live their lives in Him Find perfect peace.

Spring - Easter

The dawn comes creeping o'er the hill,
The world is wrapped in slumber still,
Cool breezes kiss the gaunt, bare trees,
And all around the glowing lamps of night
Paling to meet the day, shed their glow
On mysterious sights, and seem to say,
"Awake, Awake, dost thou not know
That spring is here? The night is gone,
And left with us the dews of dawn."

The sun arose from out the eastern sky;
The hush of waking birds, their mating cry
Rang out to greet the new-born day that
New life gives to all created things.
The buds beneath the bark of hedge and tree,
Burst to release their wealth of bloom,
"Awake, Awake, can'st thou not feel
Angels hovering near? New hope is born,
And God His promise keeps, on this fair morn.

At noon the sun rides high, a dazzling sight;
All nature glows, revived, in garments bright.
Awakened life to her responds,
And voices raised in joyous songs
Ring forth as bells with wizzard note,
Proclaiming far and near that spring is here,
"Awake, Awake, lift up your heads on high;
Christ conquered death, and everlasting life is born,
To free the world from sin, this Easter Morn.





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